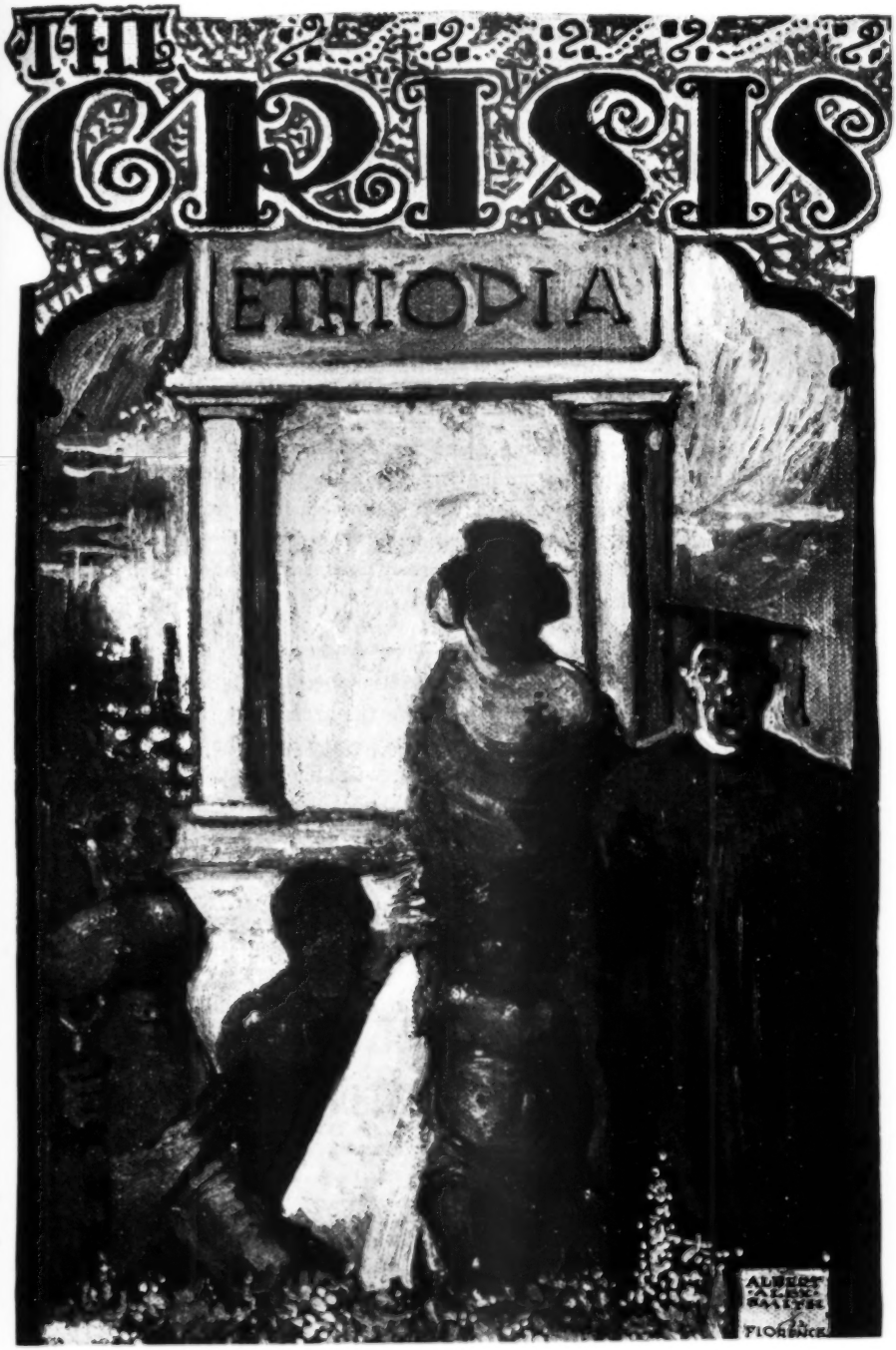

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A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

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Vol. 26 No. 4 AUGUST, 1923 Whole No. 154

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 26. No. 4 AUGUST, 1923 Whole No. 154

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

WHERE FOURTEENTH STREET CROSSES THE AVENUE

THE three greatest corners of the greatest city in the world are Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. Of the three the last is historically perhaps the most notable. Here it is fitting that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and THE CRISIS should live and work and here at Sixty-nine Fifth Avenue we are today.

We could have found cheaper and more unobtrusive quarters, but it seems to us that too long the Black Folk of the world have hidden in the back alleys of the earth and told their human woe to eyes that saw only the striking things of the world. We must advertise. We must make a careless world see and know that the Problem of the 20th century is the Problem of the Color Line; that there is absolutely no question so great and so pressing as the question of judging manhood by skin-color. For this reason we have set up our banners in one of the great centers of a great city—Sixty-nine Fifth Avenue.

VICTORY

THE value of the N. A. A. C. P. can only rightfully be measured in a case like that of the Arkansas peons. When and where ever before were Negroes so efficiently defended for so long a time and with so triumphant a result? Twelve men defended for four years by the best legal talent of the land at a cost of $13,308 to which the local community added thousands more. Further than this the defendants were not the rich and educated—the aristocracy of the race; they were from the poorest and most oppressed of our people and we made their cause the cause of the whole race, which was right and true. Six of these men today are free. Six more will without doubt be freed. The meaning of this beating of a Southern state in its own courts and the courts of the Nation is that it pays to fight and it costs to fight. Give us a million dollars for defense!

THE SPINGARN MEDAL

AWARD of the Spingarn Medal for the most distinguished achievement during the preceding year by an American of African descent has gone to Professor George Washington Carver of Tuskegee Institute for research in Agricultural Chemistry. Following our custom we shall publish, after the presentation of the medal, an account of Professor Carver's life and valuable experiments together with his picture. The medal will be formally presented at the convention of the N. A. A. C. P. which will be held in Kansas City in August.

THIS LAW-ABIDING LAND

WHEN Jack Johnson smashed Jim Jeffries' jaw the Christian Conscience of this land of Christian Endea-

vor rushed to Congress and secured a law to prevent the moving pictures from being transported from State to State, because prize fighting was such a Sin! Today when Dempsey breathless from dodging the fists of another black man staged a three hundred thousand dollar confidence game with a stool pigeon in a Montana gambling joint the pictures have been quickly and secretly transported far and wide despite the law of the land and will be exhibited all over the world. Aren't we the Greatest Hypocrites on Earth?

THE TECHNIQUE OF RACE PREJUDICE

WE have developed in the United States a technique of race discrimination which gains its dispicable ends by methods so subtle and evasive that the man on the street not only cannot place the blame but after a few bewildered gestures is tempted to look upon the whole thing as an "Act of God".

Consider, for instance, the now well-known case of Miss Augusta Savage. Miss Savage struggled up through the wretched public schools of Florida; came to New York and eventually began studying art at Cooper Union. "Miss Savage's record," writes the Art Director, "has been excellent and her conduct irreproachable." The friends of Miss Savage sought to get her a chance to do some study abroad in the "Fontainebleau School of the Fine Arts", financed by Americans and established as "a summer school for American architects, painters and sculptors".

The Executive Committee of this school is impressive: The Chairman of the Department of Architecture, is Whitney Warren, a leading architect, member of the National Institute of Arts and Sciences, with an honorary degree from Harvard. The Chairman of the Department of Painting and Sculpture is Ernest C. Peixotto, a pupil of Benjamin Constant and Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor; well known as a painter and illustrator. Other members of the Committee are Edwin Blashfield, who decorated the great central dome of the Library of Congress; Howard Greenley, President of the Architectural League; Thomas Hastings, who designed the New York Public Library and is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters; J. Monroe Hewlett, President of the Mural Painters; Hermon MacNeil, President of the National Sculpture Society; and James Gamble Rogers, who designed the great Harkness Memorial Quadrangle at Yale.

Here then, are representatives of the best America; leaders in Art and Literature; members of the world's most exclusive clubs and organizations. This Committee told Miss Savage that she could not study at the Fontainebleau School of Fine Arts and that the reason was because she was black. But do not think that this action was straightforward, clear and definite. The only clear and definite thing about it was that Miss Savage's deposit was returned to her and that she did not go to Fontainebleau. But the responsibility for this action and the reasons for it are most difficult to trace and yet the hunt has its points of interest.

THE CRISIS has addressed a politely-worded note to each one of the eight gentlemen mentioned above. Mr. Peixotto, Mr. Warren and Mr. Greenley have not answered. However, Mr. Peixotto had already written a letter to another person which we feel at liberty to quote: He hopes she will "understand our position" and starts off with a technical excuse based on Miss Savage's alleged failure to furnish "two letters of recommendation". He hastens, however, to admit that this is a small matter and proceeds to say: "To be perfectly

frank with you, we did learn that Miss Savage was of the colored race and the question was put before our Advisory Committee who strongly felt that in a school such as the Fontainebleau School it would not be wise to have a colored student."

Then come five varying points of view; first there are two alibis: Thomas Hastings says: "I believe it is needless for me to say that I personally would have no sympathy with keeping Miss Augusta Savage away from the Fontainebleau School of Arts because of Negro Descent."

Edwin Blashfield says: "I was not present at any meeting where the question of Miss Savage's application came up or was discussed and I am entirely without knowledge of what happened."

James Gamble Rogers also has an alibi handy: "I did not know anything about the case of the colored girl you mention until I read it in the newspapers." But he adds this interesting point of view: "When we try to take advantage of this Fontainebleau School for the benefit of people here, we have to have sponsors for certain financial conditions, such as guaranteeing the payment to the boats that so many staterooms will be paid for, etc., and it is not easy to get the sponsors. Therefore, I hope that you will do nothing that will prevent us getting the sponsors."

Hermon A. MacNeil says nothing of responsibility but is, "Extremely sorry that a story of this kind should have gotten about as I know the gentlemen of the committee are men of the broadest vision and are trying to do the very best possible. It may be that her work was not very high in quality."

So far, poor Mr. Peixotto stands apparently alone; but finally, J. Monroe Hewlett adds this bit: "The accepted applicants come from all parts of the United States. It seemed clear to the committee that any race prejudice that manifested itself among the students might easily affect the entire morale of the School during its first year. . . . I am satisfied in my own mind that the decision reached in regard to Miss Savage was due quite as much to consideration for her as to any other thought or feeling."

To us who have experience, there is nothing mystifying in all this. These men, either by shirking their plain responsibility or by disingenuous excuses have connived at a miserable piece of race discrimination; and yet every last one of them has "ducked" responsibility: they have no knowledge; they spared her feelings; they need money. Many of them prayed that the reason should be that Miss Savage had no ability, but that is disproved by the records at Cooper Union and by the fact that no very high standards of ability were required of the sensitive white Southerners. Other Directors emphasized the terrible and explosive possibilities of social contact. But the Art Director at Cooper Union writes of his own accord: "It may be added that Miss Savage's treatment at the hands of her fellow-students, whether in the classes, in the lunch room or in their social relations generally, has been as irreproachable as has been her own conduct: indeed it appears that she has been rather a favorite."

In fact, here you have in its naked shame, the technique of American race prejudice. It is idle to charge up lynching solely to the "poor white trash"; it is silly to talk of race prejudice as simply a child of ignorance and poverty. The ignorant and poor may lynch and discriminate but the real deep and the basic race hatred in the United States is a matter of the educated and distinguished leaders of white civilization. They are the ones who are determined to keep black folk from developing talent and

sharing in civilization. The only thing to their credit is that they are ashamed of what they do and say and cover their tracks desperately even if ineffectually with excuses and surprises and alibis. But the discrimination goes on and they not only do not raise a hand to stop it—they even gently and politely but in strict secrecy put their shoulders to the wheel and push it forward.

One can only sum it up in the words of Daisy King, a white sculptor:

"Have you seen this latest example of 'White Supremacy'. Sounds like good old Texas, doesn't it? That Thomas Hastings, the architect of the 42nd Street Library, and our foremost architect since the death of Stanford White, with his own training safely completed should stoop to place a stone in the path of a little colored girl who has won a distinctive honor, against odds, is unbelievable. That Ernest Peixotto, himself a Spanish Jew, should feel it necessary to deprive a young colored woman of a well-earned scholarship in order to protect from 'contamination' these young Southern girls who have apparently, no honors to their credit, is, to say the least, 'instructive'.

DR. MOORE

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

THE Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia has recently had a most difficult and trying experience, and we are writing to commiserate with it.

You see it was this way: Dr. W. E. Atkins of Hampton, Va., colored, has a daughter, Dr. Lillian Atkins Moore. Dr. Moore is one of the best students that the Woman's Medical College ever had—which was unfortunate. Colored people ought to be fools and when they are geniuses it makes trouble. Dr. Moore is the only colored graduate this year and was chosen secretary of the Senior Class. She won the Freshman prize in anatomy with an average of 97, passed the Medical Board with a high average and in general made herself a record most unpleasant for the authorities. Being about to complete her course with distinction she applied October 12, 1922 for an interneship in the hospital. A painful silence ensued. In fact it was not until March 2, 1923, after all internes had been appointed that Dr. Moore had this letter in answer to a reminder that her application was unanswered:

"Dear Mrs. Moore: I was a little surprised to get your letter in regard to an interneship . . . I had been told that we could not possibly undertake to give you a service here. We are all your good friends and it is a most unpleasant thing to have to tell you that just because you are colored we can't arrange to take you comfortably into the hospital. I am quite sure that most of the internes who come to us next year will not give us as good work as you are capable of doing; and I hope that if I can be of any service to you in helping you to secure an interneship that you will let me help.

"Yours truly,
"JESSIE W. PRYOR, M.D.
"Medical Director."

Meantime the woman's College made every effort to secure for Dr. Moore an interneship at one of our colored hospitals. Dr. Tracy, the dean of the College, said such praiseworthy things of Dr. Moore that Dr. Turner of Douglass Hospital was constrained to ask why the College Hospital would want such an exceptional student and physician to leave them! No effort nor pressure to gain the interneship availed. Still she is the best physician the College is sending out! Also she is about as white in color as Dr. Pryor herself.

There is no doubt about it, colored Americans have got to quit having brains; it's putting our white friends in all sorts of embarrassing positions.

Remember! Baby pictures for October CRISIS *should be in August 15th.*

DOUBLE TROUBLE

A Story

JESSIE FAUSET

I

ANGÉLIQUE came walking delicately down Cedarwood Street. You could see by the way she advanced, a way which fell just short of dancing that she was feeling to the utmost the pleasant combination of her youth, the weather and the season. Angélique was seventeen, the day was perfect and the year was at the spring.

Just before Cedarwood crosses Tenth, she stopped, her nice face crinkling with amusement, and untied and retied the ribbon which fastened her trim oxford. Before she had finished this ritual Malory Fordham turned the corner and asked rather sternly if he might not perform the task. "Allow me to tie it for you," he had said with unrelieved formality.

"Sure I'll allow you." Angélique was never shy with those whom she liked. She replaced the subtler arts of the coquette with a forthrightness which might have proved her undoing with another boy. But not with Malory Fordham. Shy, pensive, and enveloped by the aura of malaise which so mysteriously and perpetually hung over his household he found Angélique's manner a source both of attraction and wonder. To him she was a radiant, generous storehouse of light and warmth which constantly renewed his chilled young soul.

"We're in luck this afternoon," said Angélique resuming her happy gait. "Sometimes I have to tie my shoes a dozen times. Once I took one shoe off and shook it and shook it, trying to get rid of make believe dust. I was glad you didn't turn up just then for I happened to look across the street and there was cousin Laurentine walking, you know that stiff poker-like way she goes——" Angélique bubbling with merriment imitated it—"I know she was disgusted seeing me like 'my son John, one shoe off and one shoe on'."

"It's a wonder she didn't take you home," said Malory, admiring her.

"Oh, no! Cousin Laurentine wouldn't be seen walking up the street with me! She doesn't like me. Funny isn't it? But you know what's funnier still Malory, not many folks around here do like me. Strange, don't you think, and me living all my life almost in this little place? I never knew what it was to be really liked before you came except for Aunt Sal. I say to myself lots of times: 'Well, anyway, Malory likes me,' and then I'm completely happy."

"I'm glad of that," Malory told her, flushing. He was darker than Angélique for his father and mother had both been brown-skinned mulattoes, with a trace of Indian on his mother's side. Angélique's mother, whom she rarely saw, was a mulatto, too, but a very light one, quite yellow, and though she could not remember her father, she had in her mind's eye a concept of him which made him only the least shade darker than her mother. He had to be darker, for Angélique always associated masculinity with a dark complexion. She did not like to see men fairer than their wives.

Malory dwelt for several moments on Angélique's last remark. You could see him patently turning the idea over and over. His high, rather narrow, forehead contracted, his almond, liquid eyes narrowed. His was a type which in any country but America would have commanded immediate and admiring attention. As it was even in Edendale he received many a spontaneous, if surreptitious, glance of approval.

He evolved an answer. "I don't know but you're right, Angélique. I think I must have been home six months before I met you, though I knew your name. I seem to have known your name a long time," he said musing slowly over some evasive idea. "But I never saw you, I guess, until that night when Evie Thompson's mother introduced us at Evie's party. I remember old Mrs. Rossiter seemed so queer. She said——"

"Yes, I know," Angélique interrupted, mimicking, "Oh, Miz Thompson, you didn't ever introduce them! That," concluded the girl with her usual forthrightness, "was because she wanted you to meet her Rosie—such a name Rosie Rossiter!—and have you dance attendance on her all evening!"

Fordham blushed again. "I don't know about that. Anyhow, what I was going to say was if I were you I wouldn't bother if

the folks around here didn't like me. They don't like me either."

"No, I don't think they do very much. And yet it's different," Angélique explained puzzling out something. "They may not like you — probably because you've lived away from home so long—but they're willing to go with you. Now I think it's the other way around with me. They sort of like me, lots of the girls at times have liked me a great deal, new girls especially. But they shy away after a time. When Evie Thompson first came to this town she liked me better than she did any one else. I know she did. But after her mother gave that big party she acted different. She has never had me at a real party since and you know she entertains a lot —you're always there. Yet she's forever asking me over to her house when she hasn't company and then she's just as nice and her mother is always too sweet."

They were nearing the corner where they always parted. Cousin Laurentine did not allow Angélique to have beaux. "Perhaps they're jealous." Malory proposed as a last solution.

The girl's nice, round face clouded. She was not pretty but she bore about her an indefinable atmosphere of niceness, of freshness and innocence. "Jealous of the boys, you mean?" She bit her full red lip. "No, it's not that; none of the boys ever treats me very nicely, none of them ever has except you and Asshur Judson."

"Asshur Judson!" Malory echoed in some surprise. "You mean that tall, rough, farmer fellow? I'd have thought he'd be the last fellow in the world to know how to treat a nice girl like you."

"Mmh. He does, he did. You know the boys—most of them"—for the first time Fordham saw her shy, wistful—"when I say they're not nice I mean they are usually too nice. They try to kiss me, put their arms around me. Sometimes when I used to go skating, I'd have horrid things happen. They'd tease the other girls, too, but with me they're different. They act as though it didn't matter how they treated me. Maybe it's because my father's dead."

THE TWO YOUNG WHITE LADIES

"Perhaps," Malory acquiesced doubtfully, but he was completely bewildered. "And you say Asshur Judson was polite?"

"I'd forgotten Asshur. You didn't know

him well, I think; he came while you were still in Philadelphia and he went away right after you came back. We'd been skating one day. I wasn't with anyone, just down there in the crowd, and I struck off all alone. Bye and bye who should come racing after me but Asshur. I looked back and saw him and went on harder than ever. Of course he caught up to me, and when he did he took me right in his arms and held me tight. I struggled and fought so that I know he understood I didn't like it, so he let me go. And then that hateful Harry Robbins came up and said: 'Don't you mind her, Jud, she's just pretending, she'll come around!'" Her voice shook with the shame of it.

WHO CAME TO SEE AUNT SAL AND LAURENTINE

"And then?" Malory prompted her fiercely.

"I heard Judson say just as mad, 'What the deuce you talking about, Robbins?'"

Malory failed to see any extraordinary exhibition of politeness in that.

"Oh, but afterwards! You know my Cousin Laurentine doesn't allow me to have company. Of course he didn't know that, and that night he came to the house. Cousin Laurentine let him in and I heard her say: 'Yes, Angélique is in but she doesn't have callers.' And he answered: 'But I must see her, Miss Fletcher, I must explain something.' His voice sounded all funny and different. So I came running down stairs and asked him what he wanted.

"It was all so queer, Malory. He came over to me past Cousin Laurentine standing at the door like a dragon and he took both my hands, sort of frightened me. He said: 'You kid, you decent little kid! Treat 'em all like you treated me this afternoon, and try to forgive me. If you see me a thousand times you'll never have to complain of me again.' And he went."

"Funny," was Malory's comment. "Didn't he say anything more?"

"No, just went and I've got to go. Got to memorize a lot of old Shakespeare for tomorrow. Silly stuff from Macbeth. 'Double, double, toil and trouble.' 'Bye Malory."

"Good-bye," he echoed, turning in the direction of his home where his mother and his three plain older sisters awaited him.

On his way he captured the idea which had earlier eluded him. He remembered speaking once, before he had met her, of Angélique Murray to his odd subdued household and of receiving a momentary impression of shock, of horror even, passing over his mother's face. He looked at his sisters and received the same impression. He looked at all four women again and saw—nothing—just nothing, utter blankness, out of which came the voice of Gracie, his hostile middle sister. "Good heavens, Malory! Don't tell me that you know that Angélique Murray. I won't have you meeting her. She is ordinary, her whole family is the last thing in ordinariness. Now mind if you meet her, you let her alone."

At the time he had acquiesced, deeming this one of the thousand queer phases of his household with which he was striving so hard to become reacquainted. He had been a very little boy when he had been taken so hurriedly to live in Philadelphia, but his memory had painted them all so different.

In spite of his sister's warning Angélique's brightness when he met her, her frankness, her merriment proved too much for him. She was like an unfamiliar but perfectly recognizable part of himself. Pretty soon he was fathoms deep in love. But because he was a boy of practically no ingenuities but mechanical ones he could hit on nothing better than walking home from school with her. She was the one picture in the daily book of his life and having seen her he retired home each day like Browning's lovers to think up a scheme which would enable him sometime to tear it out for himself.

Angélique, hastening on flying feet, hoped that Cousin Laurentine would be out when she reached home. She could manage Laurentine's mother, Aunt Sal, even when she was as late as she was today. But before she entered the house she realized that for tonight at least she would be free from her cousin's hateful and scornful espionage. For peeping through the window which gave from the front room on to the porch she was able to make out against the soft inner gloom the cameo-like features of the Misses Courtney, the two young white women who came so often to see Aunt Sal and Laurentine. They were ladies of indubitable breeding and refinement, but for all their culture and elegance they could not eclipse Laurentine whose eyes shone as serene, whose forehead rose as smooth and classical as did their own. The only difference lay in their coloring. The Misses Courtney's skin shone as white as alabaster; their eyes lay, blue cornflowers, in that lake of dazzling purity. But Laurentine was crimson and gold like the flesh of the mango, her eyes were dark emeralds. Her proud head glowed like an amber carving rising from the green perfection of her dress. She was a replica of the Courtney sisters startlingly vivified. Angélique, on her way to the kitchen poising on noiseless feet in the outside hall, experienced anew her thrill at the shocking resemblance between the two white women and the colored one; a resemblance which missed completely the contribution of white Mrs. Courtney and black Aunt Sal, and took into account only the remarkable beauty of Ralph Courtney, the father of all three of these women.

Aunt Sal in the background of the picture was studying with her customary unwavering glance the three striking figures. The Misses Courtney had travelled in Europe, they spoke French fluently. But Laurentine had travelled in the West Indies and spoke Spanish. When the time came for the Misses Courtney to go, they would kiss Laurentine lightly on both cheeks, they would murmur: "Good-bye, Sister," and would trail off leaving behind them the unmistakable aura of their loyal, persistent, melancholic determination to atone for their father's ancient wrong. And Laurentine, beautiful, saffron creature, would rise and gaze after them, enveloped in a sombre evanescent triumph.

But afterwards!

Up in her room Angélique envisaged the reaction which inevitably befell her cousin after the departure of these visitors. For the next three weeks Laurentine would be more than ever hateful, proud, jealous, scornful, intractable. The older woman, the young girl shrewdly guessed, was jealous of her; jealous of her unblemished parentage, of her right to race pride, of her very youth, though her own age could not be more than twenty-eight. "Poor Cousin Laurentine," the child thought, "as though she could help her father's being white. Anything was liable to happen in those old slavery times. I must try to be nicer to her."

When later she opened the door to her cousin's tap her determination was put to

a severe test, for Laurentine was in one of her nastiest moods. "Here is another one of those letters," she said bitingly, "from that young ruffian who pushed his way past me that night. If I had my way I'd burn up every one of them. I can't think how you manage to attract such associates. It will be the best thing in the world for all of us when your mother sends for you."

Angélique took Asshur's letter somewhat sullenly, though she knew the feeling which her cousin's outburst concealed. In that household of three women this young girl was the only one who could be said to receive mail. Even hers was, until very lately, almost negligible—a note or two from a proudly travelling schoolmate, some directions for making candy from Evie Thompson or from the girl who at that moment was espousing her inexplicable cause, a card or so from a boy and now this constant stream of letters from Asshur Judson. As she opened these last or sat down to answer them in the shaded green glow of the dining-room, she had seen Cousin Laurentine's face pale with envy under the saffron satin of her skin.

Laurentine received letters and cards from the Misses Courtney when they were abroad—a few bills—she made rather a practice of having charge accounts—and an occasional note from the white summer transient expressing the writer's pleasure with "that last dress you made me". Once the young divinity student who, while the pastor was on his vacation, took over the services of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, sent her a post card from Niagara Falls. Laurentine exhibited a strange negligence with regard to this card; it was always to be found in the litter of the sewing-table. "Oh," she would say casually to the customer whom she was fitting, "that's a card from Mr. Deaver who substituted here last summer. Yes, he does seem to be a fine young man."

Angélique did not at once open Asshur's letter. She had too many lessons to get. Besides she knew what it would contain, his constant and unvarying injunction "to be good, to be decent" coupled with an account of his latest success in some branch of scientific agriculture; he was an enthusiastic farmer. She liked to hear from him, but she wished his interests were broader. Laying the letter aside unregretfully she fell to memorizing the witches' speech in Macbeth and then in her little English Handbook under the chapter on "The Drama—Greek Tragedy," she made a brief but interested foray among the peculiarities of the ancient stage. Reading of Greek masks, buskins and "unities" she forgot all about Asshur's letter until as usual Aunt Sal put her fine dark head in the door and told her in mild but unanswerable tones that it was "most nigh bedtime".

She jumped up then and began to undress. But first she read the letter. Just as she thought it began like all his former letters and would probably end the same. No, here was something different. Asshur had written:

"My father says I'm making great headway, and so does Mr. Ellis, the man on whose farm I'm experimenting. Next year I'll be twenty-one and father's going to let me work a small farm he owns right up here in northern New Jersey. But first I'm coming for you. Only you must keep good and straight like you were when I first met you. You darn spunky little kid. Mind, you be good, you be decent. I'm sure coming for you."

It was a queer love-letter. "So you'll come for me," said Angélique to her image in the glass. She shook out her short, black, rather wiry hair till it misted like a cloud about her childishly round face. "How do you know I'll go with you? I may find someone I like ten times better." Dimpling and smiling she imitated Malory's formality: "May I tie your shoe for you?"

All night long she dreamed she was chasing Malory Fordham. Was it a game? If so why did he so doggedly elude her? Then when, laughing, she had overtaken him, why did he turn on her with round gaping mouth and horrid staring eyes that transformed him into a Greek tragic mask? Through open, livid lips came whistling strange words, terrible phrases whose import at first she could not grasp. When she did she threw her arm across her face with a fearful cry and fell back convulsed and shuddering into the arms of a dark, muffled figure whose features she fought vainly to discover.

(*Concluded in the September* CRISIS)

THE AMERICAN NEGRO AND FOREIGN OPINION

WILLIAM S. NELSON

TO-DAY the American Negro in common with every other racial or national group cannot afford indifference to others' opinions of his cause. If anyone doubts this, let him consider the almost universal effort employing frantic and sometimes unpardonable methods to assure an approving judgment from the opinion of the world court. Whether the issue be that of a Ruhr expedition or "Passive Resistance" or "Sympathetic Watchfulness" or "Freedom from Entangling Alliances"; whether it be the instance of Ireland, India or Egypt, Armenia or of the Jewish nations—whoever has a cause essays in no trifling fashion to prove to the world its righteousness. Neither can it be said that such an effort is unwarranted. For if as a rule, governments are moved to action or inaction, not so much by the justice of a cause, as by their own interests or by the interests of powers behind the throne, the peoples of the world, on the other hand, are more amenable to the voice of the plaintiff; and unmistakably the findings of the peoples' court command each sundown a larger and larger consideration and influence; and with the opinion of the peoples the oppressor must more and more reckon, and to their opinion the oppressed must increasingly appeal.

Does there exist a doubt, then, as to the propriety, indeed, as to the necessity of the Negro's presenting his cause before the bar of the world sentiment? Unfortunately the home demands on the American Negro's efforts have left him but little opportunity for "foreign service", and as a result either his cause has been entirely neglected by foreign opinion or judgment of it has been formed as a rule on the basis of reports emanating from those whose interests truth has not served.

To a Negro who has lived in close touch with foreign thinking the extent of Europe's ignorance or misunderstanding of the race's most vital concerns is, I should say, astonishing. That a limited acquaintance with our situation should be revealed by the uneducated might be expected but that the cultured of Europe should prove so ill-informed, that students, publicists, professors should think of the Negroes as America's original inhabitants, should ask unblushingly if American Negroes had yet been converted from their heathen religion to Christianity, should be surprised that brown men and yellow men, and "white" men of mixed descent were also Negroes, that Negroes were separated from white men in schools, on street cars, trains, should believe it impossible that in democratic America, in Woodrow Wilson's America, women were hanged and burned at the stake by howling mobs, that mob victims' teeth sold at a dollar apiece to frenzied bidders—that the educated had either never heard or had but the faintest inkling of these American "customs" deserves, I think to be termed as astonishing and disquieting revelations.

Of greater significance, however, than this lack of information is the misinformation which is imposed upon Europeans whom Americans too often find naive believers of any legend whatever regarding conditions in the New World. Thus, I had scarcely disembarked in France when I made by chance the acquaintance of a young Frenchman of liberal mind, who had lent an attentive ear to the calumnies sponsored by a white American of standing. The Negroes, according to his fabulous account were an undesirable folk in the last degree, they compromised the affairs of the United States and their own, and merited simply to be driven into the sea. Again in a government school for the teaching of French to foreigners I had occasion to contest the false affirmations of an American woman making a report before a class and before a professor disposed to believe her word. A young woman leader in French educational circles had received without questioning a most disparaging opinion of American Negroes, founded on reports emanating from one of our leading women's colleges. In other European countries I found the same conditions. An American visitor in Prague assured the Czecho-Slovakians that in the absence of Negroes in their new state they had reason for the profoundest satisfaction; and in Germany, Americans have

taken full advantage of the Rhine Occupation to propagate a deep prejudice against the American Negro and Negroes in general.

Thus, in a word, have we tried to hint at existing conditions. To open the flood gates of our personal experiences and pour out pages of similar examples could merely emphasize what has already been established. On the other hand, we should not fail to remark that encouragement is to be found in the knowledge that if foreign peoples are ignorant of us and our cause they are nevertheless ever willing to lend truth an ear. The first French friend became an ardent propagandist in our behalf; the French woman wrote a few months later: "I wished to read it (a booklet defending the American Negro) before writing you, and now that I am under the influence of those stirring pages I can better tell you with what sympathy I shall acquaint those about me with their story." In the same country there are publications admitting that "our countrymen are practically the only ones who have crossed the Atlantic to take an account of the unjust and painful condition which is yet imposed upon the blacks in the United States, despite the laws which have emancipated the slaves and recognized the right of men of color to full civil and political right"[1] and that the Negro question in America is "one of which they (Europeans) have in general but a very vague inkling".[2] Yet after these admissions these very publications have given very generously of publicity to facts presented them and have solicited information respecting all phases of our racial life. Indeed, through Europe, men of nearly every rank are ready to proffer aid to missionary effort.

Our intention has been to point out the necessity of and the opportunity for the Negro's increased activity upon foreign soil. If that is clear let us consider one or more of the forms such activity might effectively assume. First, *we believe in an international Association of Negroes.* And the Pan-African Association in which we believe should be an organization supported solidly by the Negroes of the world, capable of taking the field and of fighting the Negroes' battle in every corner of our globe. Some months ago, the leading sociologist of France was approached for advice with regard to the publishing of a book on the American Negro. With regard to the financing of the project he inquired, "Where is your *Association Pan-Africaine?*" At the moment the life of our Association, so well-known throughout Europe, hung by the slenderest thread. Sometime later a German professor, who had voluntarily prepared a statement of the American Negro's case for publication in a Berlin daily, suggested that our association would be of great service in securing for our cause a hearing in his country. During a year's sojourn in Paris we witnessed the failure—from financial causes—of three Negro publications, all of which had given or had proposed to give extensive publicity to American conditions. There should be then, no difficulty in recognizing the necessity of an active, robust world organization of Negroes. And does anyone doubt the imperative necessity for the support of such an association at the hands of American Negroes?

A second way by which we might forge favorable foreign opinion is through travel and study abroad by individuals of the Negro race. To enumerate the purely personal advantages of foreign travel is beyond the limits of our discussion. Indeed, they should be too evident to require mention. And the opportunities presented for the hearing of a message of truth should be quite as obvious—the occasions for personal contacts, for standing daily as an example of what the race is capable, of making impressions, correcting misrepresentations—these but begin the mention of what is possible for Negroes on foreign soil. That to prosecute study and travel abroad means the overcoming of real material difficulties, is not to be gainsaid—but the race's youth is not to be thwarted by difficulties.

The battle ground of the race is no longer bounded by America's shores. To-day, it is the world. And we need not await those fictitious armies of physical force with which those more zealous than wise would have us coerce the universe into a proper attitude toward the race. Rather, let us organize the forces of education and send them bearing the banners of truth into every quarter—let us plead our cause before the bar of world opinion; and if, as we believe, national oppressors must become ever more responsive to the attitude of the peoples, we can feel assured of a judgment not only favorable but fruitful.

[1] "La Paix par le Droit"—January, 1923, P. 45.
[2] "Le Petit Parisien"—August 7, 1922.

THREE POEMS OF HARLEM

CABARET

DOES a jazz-band ever sob?
They say a jazz-band's gay.
Yet as the vulgar dancers whirled
And the wan night wore away,
One said she heard the jazz-band sob
When the little dawn was gray.

YOUNG PROSTITUTE

HER dark brown face
Is like a withered flower
On a broken stem.
Those kinds come cheap in Harlem,
So they say.

PRAYER MEETING

GLORY! Halleluiah!
The dawn's a-comin'.
Glory! Halleluiah!
The dawn's a-comin'.
A black old woman croons in the amen-corner of the Ebecanezer Baptist Church.
A black old woman croons—
The dawn's a-comin'.

POEM

THE night is beautiful,
So are the faces of my people.

The stars are beautiful,
So are the eyes of my people.

Beautiful, also, is the sun.
Beautiful, also, are the souls of my people.

SHADOWS

WE run,
We run,
We cannot stand these shadows!
Give us the sun.

We were not made
For shade,
For heavy shade,
And narrow space of stifling air
That these white things have made.
We run,
Oh, God,
We run!
We may break through the shadows,
We must find the sun.

JAZZONIA

OH, silver tree!
Oh, shining rivers of the soul!

In a Harlem cabaret
Six long-headed jazzers play.
A dancing girl whose eyes are bold
Lifts high a dress of silken gold.

Oh, singing tree!
Oh, shining rivers of the soul!

Were Eve's eyes
In the first garden
Just a bit too bold?
Was Cleopatra gorgeous
In a gown of gold?

Oh, shining tree!
Oh, silver rivers of the soul!

In a whirling cabaret
Six long-headed jazzers play.

YOUNG SINGER

ONE who sings *"chansons vulgaires"*
In a Harlem cellar
Where the jazz band plays
From dark to dawn
Would not understand
Should you tell her
That she is like a nymph
For some wild faun.

THE LAST FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR

THE jeweled entrails of pomegranates bled on the marble floor.
The jewel-heart of a virgin broke at the golden door.
The laughter of a drunken lord hid the sob of a silken whore.

Mene,
Wrote a strange hand,
Mene Tekel Upharsin,—
And Death stood at the door.

WINTER MOON

HOW thin and sharp is the moon tonight!
How thin and sharp and ghostly white
Is the slim, curved crook of the moon tonight!

National · Association · for · the · ... Advancement · of · Colored · People.

VICTORY IN ARKANSAS

AFTER being in jail in Arkansas under sentence of death since October, 1919, six of the Elaine rioters were freed by the Arkansas State Supreme Court on Monday, June 25th. This marks the beginning of the end of what has been the most notable case of its kind in the history of America.

These six men were arrested in October, 1919, charged with seventy-three others, with complicity in the Phillips County, Arkansas, rioting. With six others they were sentenced to death. The N. A. A. C. P., after making an investigation which proved beyond doubt that these men were guilty of no crime save that of organizing for the purpose of taking legal steps to end exploitation under the share-cropping system, employed lawyers to defend them. The cases of the twelve men sentenced to death were first taken up on an appeal to the State Supreme Court of Arkansas. The conviction of six of the men was affirmed. It was these cases that the N. A. A. C. P. finally carried to the United States Supreme Court, winning a decision in that court on February 19, 1923, which reversed the conviction in the Arkansas Court.

In the six other cases, the Arkansas Supreme Court reversed the Phillips County Circuit Court on the ground that the jury had rendered its verdict improperly. The cases were remanded to Phillips County for re-trial. The men were re-tried in the Phillips County Court and the men sentenced to death. Again the N. A. A. C. P. appealed the cases to the State Supreme Court and a second time that court reversed the Phillips County Court, the reversal on this occasion being granted on the ground that Negroes had been excluded from the jury which tried the men in contravention of the Civil Rights act of 1875 and the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

The second reversal took place in December, 1920, and the Supreme Court of Arkansas ordered that the men be tried a third time in Phillips County. The N. A. A. C. P. attorneys applied for and secured a change of venue from Phillips County to Lee County on the ground that the mob spirit which had forced conviction in the original trials was still so dominant in Phillips County that a fair trial could not be had there.

For more than two years the prisoners had been awaiting re-trial. On every occasion when they were set for trial the N. A. A. C. P. defense attorneys announced themselves ready for trial, but on each occasion the State of Arkansas pleaded unreadiness and asked for a postponement. Under the statute of limitations if when re-trial is ordered for two successive terms of court such re-trial is not had through failure of the State to act, and over the objections of defendants, such defendants are automatically subject to release.

When the full two years had expired, the N. A. A. C. P. attorneys applied for a writ of dismissal, which was denied by the Lee County Court. Thereupon the N. A. A. C. P. attorneys appealed from that decision to the Arkansas State Supreme Court. The latter court on June 25 reversed the verdict of the lower court in denying a writ of dismissal and ordered the defendants discharged from custody.

Thus ends in these six cases the long, difficult and dramatic fight against overwhelming odds. The N. A. A. C. P. in winning these cases was forced to combat organized race prejudice throughout the State of Arkansas, which demanded that the men be sacrificed on the altar of race discrimination and economic exploitation. It was freely stated in the state of Arkansas that the reason that the State pleaded unreadiness and refused to go to trial was because of the fact that the original conviction of these men was so completely without justification and was accomplished with such utter disregard for law (all of this done at the insistence of a mob which stormed the courtroom and threatened death to any juror who voted for any verdict other than conviction)

that the state of Arkansas did not dare risk further disgrace through these cases also being carried to the United States Supreme Court.

In a letter to the Association dated June 26, Mr. U. S. Bratton, formerly of Little Rock, Arkansas, now of Detroit, whose son was almost lynched because of his father's activity in protesting against the exploitation and murder of colored farmers, wrote to the National Office, "I hasten to congratulate you and the Association on the victory that you have just achieved in the discharge of the six Elaine cases. I feel that your organization is entitled to credit for the saving of these people's lives. If it had not got back of the defense, these six would have long since been moldering in the dust. You have had up-hill business and it has been expensive, but the object in view and the accomplishment is well worth all that it cost and more."

Mr. Louis Marshall of New York City, eminent authority on constitutional law and counsel for Leo Frank in that famous case, wrote on the same day: "I am in receipt of yours of the 25th instant, in which you inform me of the discharge of the six Elaine defendants by the Supreme Court of Arkansas. I congratulate the Association upon this great victory, which is in every sense a triumph of justice and is consequently most gratifying."

Mr. Moorfield Storey, President of the Association, who argued so brilliantly with great success the cases in the United States Supreme Court, also wrote the National Office: "I got the same cable from Jones yesterday, and wired him my hearty congratulations. I think it is a great victory and I am glad for his sake and all our sakes, to say nothing of the prisoners."

The Association feels that these famous cases will soon be ended. It is the greatest fight of its kind ever waged, and the Association extends again its sincere thanks to those who by their contributions to the Defense Fund enabled it to achieve so great a victory. To Mr. Storey, Mr. Scipio A. Jones of Little Rock, and to the other attorneys it extends its sincere congratulations.

THE KANSAS CITY CONFERENCE

PLANS for the conference of the N. A. A. C. P., to be held in Kansas City, Kansas, from August 29 to September 5, are rapidly maturing. The Kansas City, Missouri, branch is coöperating with the Kansas City, Kansas, branch to make this meeting the greatest in the history of the Association and a memorable one for visitors and delegates. As this is the first conference to be held so far west a large number of people are expected to attend the conference from the middle and far west, and the Pacific Coast will have a good representation. A wider geographical area of the United States will probably be represented at this conference than at any previously held by the Association.

Discussion by speakers of national prominence will touch on the main problems with which colored Americans are at present confronted. Mr. Scipio A. Jones, of Little Rock, Arkansas, the colored lawyer who fought the cases of the Arkansas peonage victims to successful conclusion before the Supreme Courts of Arkansas and of the United States, will tell the story of these cases from the Arkansas riots of 1919 to the court victories.

Headquarters for the conference will be established at the First A.M.E. Church, of Kansas City, Kansr The big mass meeting of Sunday, September 2, will be held in Convention Hall, the great auditorium of Kansas City, Mo. As the convention of the National Medical Association immediately precedes the N. A. A. C. P. Conference, being held from August 28 to 31, one session of the N. A. A. C. P. Conference will be devoted to Public Health and the Negro. At this session Dr. Michael O. Dumas, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. George E. Cannon of Jersey City; Dr. W. G. Alexander and other prominent medical men will represent the Medical Association.

The National Office urges a large attendance at the Kansas City Conference. Never before was there greater need of counsel together. All who come are also urged in purchasing their railroad tickets not to fail to ask for a certificate. Each person should state that he is attending the conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and should not accept his ticket without a certificate. The railroads have granted a reduced round-trip fare of one and one-third the one-way fare, but in order to obtain this reduction there must be at least 250 certificates presented in Kansas City. In former years we have failed to obtain the advantage of the reduced rate because so

many people have forgotten to ask for their certificates.

The Chicago and Alton Railroad will run a special train de luxe from Chicago to Kansas City, leaving Chicago Tuesday evening, August 28, at 6:00 P. M. (standard time), arriving at Kansas City at 7:45 A. M. the following day. This train will be of the best equipment and service the Chicago and Alton can furnish, including solid steel, vestibule Pullman sleeping cars. This is a non-stop train between Chicago and Kansas City and will be a most delightful trip for those delegates who can so arrange their itineraries as to meet and go with the party from Chicago. All persons who plan going on the special train are urged to write at once to Mr. Morris Lewis, Executive Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P., at Chicago, at 3201 South Wabash Avenue, and give him the number of persons who will be in your party.

We are exceedingly desirous of having as representative and as large a gathering at Kansas City as is possible. It is the intention of the National Office this year to make the conference almost entirely one run by delegates and members, instead of devoting as much as in former years to set speeches. For that reason it is very urgently requested that all branches notify the National Office immediately of the number of delegates and members who will attend the conference, giving their names and addresses, and that all members or friends who plan attending will write us also. We want you to make and help us make this conference the greatest in the history of the Association.

Above all do not forget to secure your certificate when purchasing your railroad ticket.

IN TEXAS

LUTHER COLLINS, of Houston, Texas, a colored man, convicted and sentenced to be hanged on a charge of criminal assault on a white woman has been granted a new trial by the State Court of Criminal Appeals of Texas, which reversed the lower court and ordered the admission of evidence which was illegally kept from the original trial. The Houston, Texas, Branch has fought this case single-handed ever since its inception, raising for that purpose more than $1,200.

Luther Collins was accused of rape by a white woman of known questionable character. The trial taking place in Texas, Collins was hastily convicted and practically all evidence in his behalf was kept from the record. The new evidence not only shows a complete alibi for Collins but includes an affidavit from a white man, who was with the woman alleged to have been raped, in which he declares that Collins was not the assailant. The evidence presented against Collins declared that he assaulted the woman meanwhile holding a revolver on the white male companion of the woman preventing the latter from coming to the rescue of the woman—a feat which is obviously physically impossible. The testimony showed that the white man stood at some distance during the alleged assault. The woman also admitted that she had accepted money from the man who had assaulted her after he had accomplished his purpose.

The new evidence also brings out that the description given of Collins by the woman does not in any way tally with Collins' appearance, and that the woman stated after the trial to an investigator that although she was not sure of her identification of Collins she intended to stick to her story.

The Houston Branch deserves great credit for the brave fight which it has made in Texas to save this innocent man's life. It is felt that Collins has an excellent chance of being freed when the new evidence is presented.

The Outer Pocket

Hartford, Conn.

YOUR "CRISIS" editorials are truly wonderful to me these days, and I want you to know it. Right from the shoulder—it takes courage, and you have it!

Especially glad to see published the truth about Colonel Young and Tuskegee Hospital—fine! WALTER H. PRICE.

Little Boars Head, N. H.

I hasten to express to you my deep appreciation and hearty thanks for your recent editorial on the late Colonel Charles Young. Here was indeed a noble soul that was crushed by prejudiced America. He had all of the sweetness of disposition, alertness of mind, genuineness of heart, thoroughness of training and talent for leadership that America cherishes to enable him to have become one of the world's great military generals. Of course, I hate war and would like to see our best minds trained in the sciences to preserve and not to destroy life. But whatever we do, we should not refuse to recognize or to reward merit on account of race or color.

THOMAS L. DABNEY.

New York.

I congratulate you warmly on your stirring editorials in the July CRISIS, and the article on Charles Young.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Lexington, Ky.

I consider the July number of the CRISIS as being very good indeed. You and your associates in the N. A. A. C. P. are doing a type of work that will be fully appreciated only when put into the perspective that history alone can give.

W. H. FOUSE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have just finished reading your splendid editorial on the hospital for Negro soldiers at Tuskegee, Ala. It happens that I am of Southern birth and training—a native of Alabama and one of Tuskegee Institute's own. I am also one of the boys who volunteered, in 1917, for services "over there"; and I have spent over six months in hospitals for the disabled.

You are very accurate in describing much that a Negro soldier has to undergo in a Southern hospital. At Mobile, Ala., I was handed my food out of a window, forbidden to use the front of the hospital to enter my ward, which was on the back; given no medical attention, and forced to use the same toilet facilities fellows in advanced stages of syphilis and gonorrhea used. Six beds from mine I saw a young fellow die with tuberculosis. Four hours before his death was discovered by one of his bed fellows he had not been visited by nurse or doctor. Unfortunately there were no "nurse maids" in the hospital.

Never in France, Dr. DuBois, was I so humiliated and insulted, nor saw such acts of negligence and cruelty committed in the name of race superiority and blindness of race prejudice.

To my mind, a hospital for Negro soldiers should be located and conducted with the thought of serving the men. To do this in Alabama may or may not be possible. I can assure you, however, that it is going to be a very delicate and difficult task. Those who will feel the effects most will be the unfortunate inmates.

Personally, I don't like the idea of putting physicians in any hospital simply because they are white or black. Many Negro physicians and many white physicians are totally unfit for the profession they have chosen.

Assuring you that you often speak the thoughts of my heart—or is it that I speak those of your heart and experience?—and that much of your work will always have my interest and support, I am yours,

ISAAC WEBB.

Louisville, Ky.

May I take the liberty of saying how splendid I think the articles on Colonel Young and the Tuskegee Hospital are in this issue of THE CRISIS.

It is a constant source of pleasure to me, that in these questions you have such a wonderful insight and are able to express exactly the thoughts which I believe are in the hearts of most of "us".

WILSON LOVETT.

Dear Dr. Du Bois:

THE CRISIS for June, page 56, "On Being Crazy"—a wonderful piece of writing. The whole wretched, miserable, abomination in just a few words. Nobody need tell me that the repetition of that tremendous presentation will not make other men too as ashamed as I am of the so-called civilization that tolerates these things.

About 1916 you wrote a remarkable magazine article, "African Roots of the Great War." Do you not see the African roots of the next?

Yours very truly,

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

"THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH"

COUNTEE P. CULLEN

(Speech delivered at Town Hall, New York, under auspices of the "League of Youth")

YOUTH the world over is undergoing a spiritual and an intellectual awakening, is looking with new eyes at old customs and institutions, and is finding for them interpretations which its parents passed over. Youth everywhere is mapping out a programme for itself, is banding together in groups whose members have a common interest. In some places these various youth movements, such as the German Youth Movement, are assuming proportions of such extent that they are being viewed with trepidation by those who desire to see things continue in the same rut, who do not wish the "old order to change, yielding place to new".

And so it is not to be wondered at that the young American Negro is having his Youth Movement also. We in America have not yet reached the stage where we can speak of an American Youth Movement, else I had not been asked to speak this afternoon. The American Negro's Youth Movement is less ostentatious than others, perhaps, but it is no less intense. And if there is any group which is both a problem for itself and a problem for others, and which needs a movement for the solving of both it is the American Negro. Details and specific instances of what I mean may be met with daily segregation, discrimination, and just this past week the barring by an American board of a colored girl from entering The Art School at Fontainbleau, France, because her presence *might* be objectionable to certain people who would be along, this supposed objection being based not on character, but on color. Surely where such conditions obtain a movement is needed. I may say that the majority of people, even my own people, do not realize that we are having a Youth Movement at all. It is not crying itself from the house tops. It is a somewhat subsurface affair like a number of small underground currents, each working its individual way along, yet all bound at length to come together.

In the first place the young American Negro is going in strong for education; he realizes its potentialities for combating bigotry and blindness. Those colleges which cater exclusively to our own people are filled to capacity, while the number of Negro students enrolled in other colleges in the country is yearly increasing. Basically it may be that this increased respect for education is selfish in the case of each individual without any concern for the group effect, but that is neither here nor there, the main point to be considered is that it is working a powerful group effect.

Then the New Negro is changing somewhat in his attitude toward the Deity. I would not have you misconstrue this statement. I do not mean that he is becoming less reverent, but that he is becoming less dependent. There is a stereotype by which most of you measure all Negroes. You think of a healthy, hearty fellow, easily provoked to laughter, liking nothing better than to be slapped on the back, and to be called a "good fellow"—and to leave all to God. The young Negro of today while he realizes that religious fervor is a good thing for any people, and while he realizes that it and the Negro are fairly inseparable, also realizes that where it exists in excess it breeds stagnation, and passive acquiescence, where a little active resistance would work better results. The finest of lines divides the phrase "Let God do it," from the phrase "Let George do it". And there are some things which neither George nor God can do. There is such a thing as working out one's own soul's salvation. And that is what the New Negro intends to do.

Finally, if I may consider myself to be fairly representative of the Young American Negro, he feels that the elder generations of both Caucasian and colored Americans have not come to the best mutual understanding. I mean both North and South. For the misunderstanding is not one of sections, but is one of degree. In the South it is more candid and vehement and aboveboard; in the North where it does obtain it is sly and crafty and cloaks itself in the guise of kindness and is therefore more

cruel. We have not yet reached the stage where we realize that whether we side with Darwin or with Bryan we all spring from a common progenitor.

There is a story of a little girl of four or five years of age who asked her father, "Daddy, where were you born?" "Why I was born in San Francisco," said her father. "And where was mother born?" Why in Chicago." "And I, where was I born?" "In New York." The little girl thought this over for a while, then said, "Father was born in San Francisco, Mother in Chicago, and baby in New York. Isn't it wonderful how we all got together?" Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could all get together? The Young Negro feels that understanding means meeting one another half way. This League has taken a splendid forward step. Will it go further?

In the words of a Negro poet, I bring you a challenge:

How would you have us? As we are?
Or sinking 'neath the load we bear?
Our eyes fixed forward on a star?
Or gazing empty at despair?

Rising or falling? Men or things?
With dragging pace or footsteps fleet?
Strong willing sinews in your wings?
Or tightening chains about your feet?

It is a challenge to be weighed mightily. For we must be one thing or the other, an asset or a liability, the sinew in your wing to help you soar, or the chain to bind you to earth. You cannot go forward unless you take us with you, you cannot push back unless you retrograde as much yourself. Mr. President, I hope this league will accept my challenge and will answer it in the new spirit which seems to be animating youth everywhere—the spirit of what is just and fair and honorable.

EL AFRICANO

ERIC D. WALROND

HENRY O. TANNER, the Negro artist whose paintings adorn the Louvre in Paris, and Alfred Smith, whose etchings of Toussaint L'Ouverture, Frederick Douglass, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Phyllis Wheatley and other Negro Immortals are at present on exhibition at the 135th Street Branch of the New York Public Library, are so far the two most outstanding painters of color of note known to us on this side of the Atlantic.

In Spain, however, there is a painter in whose veins runs the noble blood of Africa who is conceded by the foremost art critics of Europe to be the greatest imaginative painter in the world. The story of this Negro artist, who has never had a lesson in his life, reads like a chapter from a richly woven romance by Poushkin or Dumas. Born on the Canary Isles but thirty years ago Nestor Martin Fernandez de la Torré as a very young man became famous as a swimmer in the sea between the Canary Islands and the Moroccan coast. Idolized as the peer, by reason of the lofty reach of his imagination, of such internationally famous painters as Sorrolla and Zuloaga, de la Torré is adored by the nobility of Old Spain as "El Africano." Some of his mural paintings actually take one's breath away. For superb skill, originality, deftness of execution, and sheer gorgeousness, they are unparalleled. Some of the shrewdest art critics of Europe, like Antonio Zarraga, are overwhelmed at the mighty sweep of his imagination. Only

"A LADY" BY DE LA TORRE

"A SATYR" BY DE LA TORRE

Montecelli whose canvases are still a mystery to civilization, flung paint on in that way. This, this utter disregard for convention, plus an uncanny genius for color, is even astonishing to sophisticated Spain. The secret of it is that de la Torré is a genius of the rarest water who looks out on the boulevard of life from the romantic point of view of a Negro. Were he a literary artist he would be a combination of Balzac, Pierre Loti, Lafcadio Hearn, Joseph Conrad and de Maupassant.

Nobody paints or has painted the sea as he is painting it today. In every artist's life it is inexorable that environment—early environment—play a determining part. This is particularly true in de la Torré's case. His masterpiece, "The Dream of Life On Lost Atlantis," is the result of years of dreaming and exotic languoring on the lovely coast of Morocco. It is pagan in its beauty. There is nothing like it in all art—this gorgeous bit of oriental tapestry.

Some of his work, a series of four mural paintings, are soon to be privately exhibited in America. These are said to be as magnificent as anything done by Gustav de la Touche. No one has painted the land as he is painting it, except, possibly, the Chinese draftsmen in the days of Ming and a few of the Japanese when they showed us the moon above Fujiyama. Besides that, de la Torré, when he is not painting the nobility of Old Spain or celebrities like Guerra, the actress, Granada, the composer, and others, goes to the great centers of Europe designing magnificent dresses for women of princely rank. He also designs jewelry, necklaces, and gowns, and in this field he is said to be the equal of Erte.

THE TRAGEDY OF "JIM CROW"

W. E. B. Du Bois

THERE is developing within the Negro race a situation bordering on tragedy in regard to the "Jim Crow" movement now growing and spreading in the North. The tragedy has been with us before but it has been more or less dormant and unspoken. To-day it is flaring to red flame and we must sit down and reason together.

I stood yesterday before three thousand folk in Philadelphia and said at length what I am saying now more concisely and definitely. It was an earnest crowd quivering with excitement and feeling, and the thing that it had in mind was this:

For 90 years, Pennsylvania has had a private colored school founded by Richard Humphreys, a West Indian ex-slave-holder. The institute was located first on Lombard Street, Philadelphia, then on Bainbridge Street and finally in 1911 was removed to Cheyney, twenty miles from Philadelphia in a beautiful section where new buildings were erected and a normal school equipped.

Many distinguished persons have been at the head of the school including Charles L. Reason of New York, Ebenezer D. Bassett, afterward Minister to Haiti, the late Fannie Jackson Coppin, Hugh Brown and at present Leslie P. Hill, Harvard '03, Phi Beta

Kappa. In 1914, the school began to receive State aid at the rate of $6,000 every two years. In 1920, the school was made a State Normal School with an appropriation of $125,000 per year for two years.

Meantime the Northern states slowly struggled out from the shadow of "Jim Crow" school legislation. The schools of New York City became mixed and Negro teachers were appointed who taught without segregation. The same thing happened in Massachusetts, in Northern Illinois and Northern Ohio; in Pennsylvania it became in 1881, "unlawful" to make "any distinction whatever" on account of race among public school children.

Notwithstanding this, separate Negro schools with Negro teachers in Northern states continued to exist. For some time they declined in number; then came the growing concentration of Negroes in cities and finally the new Negro migration from the South. This meant quiet but persistent and renewed attempts at school segregation. The number of separate schools increased in the North, and in Kansas segregation was legalized by permissive legislature.

In Philadelphia particularly separation was carried far by administrative action despite the law, so that to-day while the high school and 200 common schools have colored and white pupils, there are eleven schools with Negro pupils alone, and colored teachers are appointed only in those schools. Thus segregated schools are on the increase in the North and there is no doubt but what we shall see a larger and larger number of them as the flood tide of Southern Negro migration increases.

What shall be our attitude toward this segregation? The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People together with its organ, THE CRISIS, and all thinking men, white and black, have long since taken strong ground against compulsory racial segregation of any sort. This has been true from the foundation of the Association; and we have especially insisted that of all the sorts of segregation and discrimination that meet the Negroes in the United States, that in the common public schools is most dangerous, most insidious, the most far reaching.

Education in the public schools by races or by classes means the perpetuation of race and class feeling throughout the land. It means the establishment of group hostility in those tender years of development when prejudices tend to become "natural" and "instinctive". It is the plain duty of all true Americans who believe in democracy and broad human development to oppose this spread of segregation in the public schools.

On the other hand we are to-day, as practical thinkers and workers, faced by the grim fact of a school segregation already in being: of public common schools, private common schools, high schools and colleges attended exclusively by Negroes and manned wholly and largely by Negroes. Our educational plight is still precarious but without the self-sacrificing efficient colored teacher of colored youth to-day, we would face positive disaster. These teachers have in their ranks some of the finest trained men and women in the world and the black race can never repay them for the work they have done under difficulty and deprivation, obloquy and insult, and sometimes even with the hatred and abuse of colored folk themselves.

Here then we face the amazing paradox: we must oppose segregation in schools; we must honor and appreciate the colored teacher in the colored school.

How can we follow this almost self-contradictory program? Small wonder that Negro communities have been torn in sunder by deep and passionate differences of opinion arising from this pitiable dilemma.

Despite all theory and almost unconsciously we are groping on. We recognize one thing worse than segregation and that is ignorance. There is, for instance, among the Negroes of the United States no effort to disestablish the separate public schools of the South. Why? They are wrong; they are undemocratic; they are ridiculously and fatally costly; they mean inferior schools for colored people, discrimination in equipment and curriculum; and yet so long as the race feeling is what it is in the South, mixed schools are utterly impossible. Even if by law we could force colored children into the white schools, they would not be educated. They would be abused, browbeaten, murdered, kept in something worse than ignorance. What is true in the South

is true in most parts of the border states and in some parts of the North. In some of these regions where there are mixed schools innocent colored children of tender years are mercilessly mistreated and discriminated against and practically forced out of school before they have finished the primary grades. Even in many of the best Northern states colored pupils while admitted and treated fairly, receive no inspiration or encouragement.

How else can we explain the astonishing fact that with practically the same kinds of colored population in cities like Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, the 200,000 Negroes in Washington and Baltimore send out 400 colored High School graduates every year, while 250,000 Negroes in Philadelphia and New York send out only 50? Moreover the academic standards of these colored High Schools have been proven to be fairly high by the success of their graduates in Northern colleges. What are we going to do about this? First and foremost and more important than anything else, Negro children must not be allowed to grow up in ignorance. This is worse than segregation, worse than anything we could contemplate.

There is only one method to avoid both this and segregation and that is by efforts such as are being made in New York City. The movement is still young and wavering, but it is a beginning. We are trying there to superintend the course of colored children in the mixed public school. We are seeking to guide them there and to help them at home; we try to discover and oppose prejudiced teachers; we encourage their enrollment in High Schools. There is no reason why a movement like this, pushed with unwavering determination, should not succeed in bringing the High School enrollment of black New York up to the level of Washington, Baltimore and St. Louis.

In Philadelphia no such movement is manifest. On the contrary with the colored citizens largely asleep for a long time, the solution of separate colored schools has been accepted with only half-hearted protest. To-day, however, strangely enough protest has risen to fever heat, and why? Because two years ago, Cheyney was made a colored State Normal School. We say colored advisedly because there is no use of stickling at facts or dodging behind legal quibbles. Cheyney is to-day a State Normal School for Negroes. Is this a fault, and if so whose fault is it? A large number of honest and earnest colored people in Philadelphia—persons who have coöperated with this Association and who believe in its work and possibilities, have taken this stand:

1. There is a conspiracy in Philadelphia to segregate all colored teacher training of the state in Cheyney, where with inferior equipment, colored teachers will be educated and sent out for use in a growing system of segregated colored public schools.

2. That Leslie Hill and his teachers are at least in part responsible for the programme and have aided and abetted it.

Without a shadow of a doubt many white people of Pennsylvania have the programme above in mind; without doubt principals of many of the other thirteen Normal Schools and some public school officials would welcome and push to the limit of the law and past it, the segregation of colored teachers and pupils; but there is no proof that all white folk in authority want this; there is no proof that the state does not intend to make Cheyney the equal of any other State Normal School; moreover according to present law no Negro is compelled to attend Cheyney. All of the other 13 normal schools of the State remain absolutely open to those who wish to attend them. And above all, proof is absolutely lacking that Hill and his teachers are dishonest betrayers of the interests of their race.

Leslie Hill and his wife Jane Hill have had honorable and self-sacrificing records. He has surrounded himself by the best faculty his limited funds would allow: Harvard, Radcliffe, the University of London and similar schools have trained them. I have seen schools in two continents and ten countries and I have yet to see a finer group in character and service than the teachers of Cheyney. And yet for three months these people were actually deprived of bread and butter by legal injunctions and pursued by denunciation, ostracism and innuendo, while the real culprits, the white "Jim Crow" officials, publicists and philanthropists stood aside unscathed and smiling to see the "darkies" quarrel.

I am not for a moment calling in ques-

tion the motives and sincerity of those in Philadelphia who are fighting segregation. In such a fight I am with them heart and soul. But when this fight becomes a fight against Negro school teachers I quit. I believe in Negro school teachers. I would to God white children as well as colored could have more of them. With proper training they are the finest teachers in the world because they have suffered and endured and nothing human is beneath their sympathy.

I know perfectly well that there have been colored educators and leaders who in order to get funds for their schools and enterprises and positions for their friends and children have betrayed and sold out the interests of their race and humanity. I have denounced and will denounce such men unsparingly. But it does not follow that when a black man makes a black enterprise the best and most efficient for its purpose that he is necessarily a traitor or that he believes in segregation by race. A condition, not a theory confronts him. It was the duty of Hill to make Cheyney a school. He did not found Cheyney. It was founded half a century before he was born. He did try and is trying to raise it from the status of a second class High School without funds, equipment or recognition, to one of the best normal schools of one of the greatest states of the Union. Those folk, white or black, who seek to saddle this programme with a permanent "Jim Crow" school policy in the commonwealth of William Penn deserve the damning of every decent American citizen; and those folk are not black folk—they are white and wealthy and powerful, and many of them are distinguished Quakers.

The real fight in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania should be made on the following lines:

1. To stop by agitation, political power, and legal method, all further increase of public common schools segregated by race. The appointment and election of openly sympathetic school officials is the first step in this campaign

2. To continue to insist on the appointment of colored teachers in white schools

3. To support the efforts to make the present segregated schools the very best possible and to open them to white children

4. To make Cheyney the best Normal School in the state and to encourage the entry of white students

5. To see to it by scholarships and local efforts that colored pupils are kept in every other normal school of the state

6. To make the colored teacher feel that no calling is so fine and valuable as his and that the Negro race and the world knows it.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

A "PRAYER FOR PAIN" by John G. Neihardt in the Omaha *Bee:*

I do not pray for peace nor ease,
Nor truce from sorrow;
No suppliant on servile knees
Begs here against tomorrow!

Lean flame against lean flame we flash,
O Fates that meet me fair;
Blue steel against blue steel we clash—
Lay on, and I shall dare!

But Thou of deeps the awful deep,
Thou breather in the clay,
Grant this my only prayer—Oh keep
My soul from turning gray!

For until now, whatever wrought
Against my sweet desires,
My days were smitten harps strung taut,
My nights were slumbrous lyres.

And howso'er the hard blow rang
Upon my battered shield,
Some lark-like, soaring spirit sang
Above my battlefield;

And through my soul of stormy night
The zigzag blue flame ran.
I asked no odds—I found my fight—
Events against a man.

But now at last—the gray mist chokes
And numbs me. Leave me pain!
Oh let me feel the biting strokes
That I may fight again!

* * *

We welcome the prospective publication of the *Howard Review*, a quarterly at Howard University.

"The purpose of this journal is to stimulate scholarship among Negroes by offering a dignified method of publication for worthy results in personal research."

All persons interested in the Negro's economic development should read the May issue of *The World Tomorrow* which has the following articles: "The Segregated Negro World," by W. Burghardt DuBois; "The Negro In His Place" by Leslie Pinckney Hill; "When the Negro Migrates North" by Charles S. Johnson; "White Workers and Black" by Robert L. Mays; A Statement by William Z. Foster; "The Negro Farmer" by George A. Towns; "The Focus for Negro Education" by Robert R. Moton; Poems by Langston Hughes; "The Divine Right of Race" by Robert W. Bagnall; "The Foundation of Justice" by Moorfield Storey.

THE UTILITY CLUB

I HAVE just read in THE CRISIS the editor's description of an evening at the "Coterie", which may have seemed to some Anglo-Saxon readers to be an evident—albeit a commendable exaggeration. But I know it is true and more, for I have been to a dance of the "Utility Club" of Harlem. I have no more delightful memory in years of social contact. The rhythm of it, created by nearly a thousand music-loving, music-making human beings moving with the pulsations of the only truly melodious modern dance music it has been my good fortune to have heard during the last few years—and which I loved even after they told me it was "classical jazz"—this haunting rhythm was a part of my being for days, and the thrill of it comes back to me as I write to-day, two months after the wonderful experience.

For it was a wonderful experience, speaking soberly and in all sincerity. I, too, danced and watched and enjoyed, with (the confession is forced out of me) something akin to anger in my heart for some, and pity for others of my race, too unacquainted with reality or too full of unreasoning prejudice to be able to understand and appreciate the contribution that their darker brothers have to make to our civilization—which, we too often forget, is theirs as well. If anyone could sit for three hours and watch such a group, and fail to see, or refuse to admit that God had dowered this people generously and lovingly,—well, he must have none of God's attributes in his soul.

When I attempted to write or to talk about the Lincoln's Birthday dance of the "Utility Club" I found that I had to make use of a number of descriptive words. There was not merely "a good time", there was joy, and there was beauty, courtesy, refinement and culture. During the whole afternoon I saw none of the indecent dressing, and improper dancing, nothing of the horseplay and silliness that all too often characterize many of our functions. I heard not one loud voice; I noticed no one pushing his way through the dense crowd of humanity; I recall but one collision; for these people were, one and all, and in the truest sense of the word, gentle-folk. And we know that groups just like this are to be found in every section of our country. I have to go back in my mind many years to find a memory to put beside this one, and that was before the war de-moralized us, and long before the time of "jazz"—classical or otherwise.

Comparisons are odious? Yes and differences are obvious, much more obvious than I would have them to be. Am I unjust to the white race? I hope not—I do not want to be—why add to the injustice we have shown to others! Certain truths were borne in on me, and I feel that I want to let them be known. I wish that everybody I know—and many more whom I do not know—could mark the beauty, experience the pleasure, and sense the gentleness that made this an event in a life-time for one who feels with the editor of THE CRISIS that "only in human contact comes understanding and peace, and the wider and fuller life" for us all.

BLANCHE WATSON.

THE JUDGE

TECHNICALLY speaking the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice O'Neil being the organ, in the case of Judge Jones of the Natchitoches-Red River district, probably is correct. His Honor cites the Constitution, the laws and the jurisprudence in support of the decision.

Judge Jones is charged with having carried a concealed weapon, which he himself acknowledges, and shot down a citizen of Natchitoches on the public streets.

Of these facts there is no reasonable doubt. They being indisputable, Judge Jones' place is obviously not on the bench. We want our courts respected. But we cannot expect to have them respected if judges who preside over them deliberately violate our laws.

But while the higher court does not challenge these facts it holds that it is powerless to act—that there is really no cause of action in the Attorney General's petition—until Judge Jones' guilt or innocence has been established. It adds that if Judge

Jones is convicted his conviction *ipso facto* would deprive him of his office. We take it for granted that if he is acquitted his acquittal would quiet him in his title to the judgeship.

But even if Judge Jones beats the case; even if a jury should hold that, having armed himself because he feared trouble with a Negro, there was provocation for his shooting this Natchitoches citizen, what becomes of the fact that His Honor, while sentencing people for carrying concealed weapons, himself went about the streets heeled for trouble?

If the law is such that a judge violating the law cannot be removed unless he is convicted, isn't there need for legislation to vest the Supreme Court with authority to act where obviously there has been misconduct on the part of the judge?

The higher court has turned down the Attorney General's petition for the removal of Judge Jones. But at the same time it has suspended him until there can be a trial of the charges against him.

If it has the authority to suspend it should also have the authority to try the accused and itself determine, regardless of what a jury may do, whether or not the jurist charged is fit to sit upon the bench; and we say this without knowing Judge Jones or having any interest in the case.—New Orleans *Daily States*.

THE MORAL SOUTH

THE Spartanburg *Journal* of Spartanburg, S. C., publishes the following in its news columns:

Has a white man the right to live in Spartanburg, South Carolina, with his Negro wife whom he married in Cincinnati, Ohio?

This question came up for decision before Recorder Bobo Burnett here today when J. L. Bagwell, a white man and a native of Glendale, and Minnie Lacky, a Negress, were arraigned in police court on a charge of living together in a house near the Spartanburg county general hospital.

Bagwell, who looks like a man of 50, and the woman, who apparently is about 40, entered pleas of guilty to a charge of disorderly conduct, but the court ignored their pleas and after questioning both defendants remanded them to their cells to render his decision later.

"I married this woman in Cincinnati, Ohio, about fourteen years ago," Bagwell told the court, "and we lived in that city for about twelve years. I secured a license there and this woman and I were married by a notary public. No one ever troubled us there. About eighteen months ago my father at Glendale became very ill and I came back to my old home to nurse him during his last years. He died a short time after I returned.

"My wife made her home with her sister in Spartanburg while I stayed at my father's home, but after my father died I rented a house and we began housekeeping again.

"I asked several people whether I would get into trouble by living with a wife of another race, but no one seemed to able to tell me what to do. I got a job at Hayne and worked there until the latter part of March, when I found employment at Beaumont, where some new houses and a new addition to the mill are being built.

"I had no one to do my cooking and washing, and for this reason I married this woman."

Bagwell glanced about the court room and saw Mayor John F. Floyd, who with City Commissioner James M. Zimmerman, was attending the trial.

"Mayor Floyd has known me for many years," Bagwell told the court. "He will tell you that I have never been in trouble before."

"Yes, I've known you a long time," admitted Mayor Floyd, "and I have never suspected that you were married. Bagwell, this thing knocks me out. I've always had a good opinion of you—up until today."

"I can't decide whether you should be pittied or flogged," Recorder Burnett informed Bagwell.

The man dropped his eyes and made no reply.

* * *

The reader has only to remember that if J. L. Bagwell had lived with Minnie Lacky without marrying her he would have been regarded in Spartanburg as a southern gentleman.

TU QUOQUE

SIRS: When I read in the *Freeman* of the bill before Congress, which, if passed, would deprive the Pueblo Indians of the land secured to them during Lincoln's Administration, and also of the ultimatum of the Indian Commissioner that they abandon their religious ceremonial dances within a year, "or some other course would have to be taken," I was reminded of an incident that occurred in England before the great war. I stood in front of the Tower of London and saw for the first time the "Beef Eater" in his amusing costume, with "Rex" embroidered on his expansive chest, and I said, "I suppose your costume means that you belong to the great British race." He replied, "Madame, I belong to the same race as you do, the Anglo-Saxon, the greatest land-robbers in the world; they civilize the world with a shotgun in one hand and a Bible in the other." I replied, "You can't quarrel with me, I agree with you perfectly." Apropos of this same idea, an American man was recently heard saying to a Turk in a New England village, "But the Turks have massacred thousands of Armenians." "Yes," replied the Turk, "according to your news papers they have massacred more Armenians than ever lived at any one period, and there are thousands of them left. Let me ask you one question, where are the American Indians? Did you ever see any, I never saw one, and I have lived in America for years." I am, etc.—L. Usher in *The Freeman*.

The Horizon

UNDER the auspices of the Negro Society for Historical Research and on sabbatical leave from Howard University—Professor Alain Leroy Locke leaves for a six months' program of library research and archaeological observation in the field of *Africana*. He will visit the chief European libraries and then leave for the more important excavation sites of Northern Africa, especially those of Upper and Lower Egypt.

¶ At the Howard University Commencement in June, Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, President of the University conferred the following honorary degrees: James Weldon Johnson, Doctor of Literature; Charles Edward Russell, Doctor of Laws; Daniel Smith Lamb, Doctor of Science; Mordecai Wyatt Johnson, Doctor of Divinity; and James Upshur King, Doctor of Divinity.

¶ The National Organization of Colored Graduate Nurses meets this year in Chicago, August 21st to 24th inclusive. Miss Carrie E. Bullock, care of the Visiting Nurse Association, 104 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, is chairman of the Program Committee.

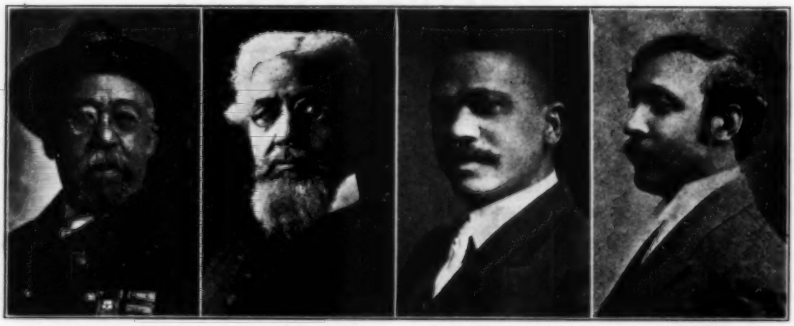
¶ Mt. Zion Congregational Church in Cleveland, Ohio, was organized in 1864 and is the oldest colored church in the city. From its beginning it has been self supporting with wide national and local interests. Two years ago it entered upon a still larger program which has produced these results: 200 new members; a trebled collection; the adoption of an annual budget of $7200, including $600 for missions; a reorganization of the Sunday School with a doubling of its membership; the organization of 8 community clubs and of a Christian Endeavor with a membership of 75; a vacation Bible School enrolling 115 children; a roster of community activities calling for 410 workers; a successful baseball team; the employment of two social workers; the establishing of a Community House and the inauguration of a moving picture machine with recreational and educational features. In the near future Mt. Zion proposes to purchase at a cost of $100,000, "The Temple" at East 55th Street and Central Avenue. This will afford greater accommodations for gymnastics and community activities. The moving spirit behind this program is the pastor, the Rev. Harold M. Kingsley.

MT. ZION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

¶ By virtue of its victory over Haddonfield High School, Pleasantville High School won its third interscholastic debate and the beautiful banner given the winner out of five attempts, by Rutgers College. The question was: "Resolved, that the Merchant Marine of the United States should be subsidized by the Federal Government." Robert Burrell, the captain of the Pleasantville team, is a colored boy. The other debaters on all the competing teams are white. Burrell gave the rebuttal. He has just been graduated, stood second in scholastic attainment and was chosen salutatorian of his class. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. Burrell of Pleasantville, N. J.

ROBERT A. BURRELL

¶ Dr. Sarah H. Fitzbutler, a resident for the last half century of Louisville, Ky., died January 12th. She was the first colored woman to practice in the State of Kentucky. With her husband, the late Dr.



William B. Gould | Rev. J. C. Taylor | Dr. S. S. Caruthers | Hon. G. E. Wibecan

Henry Fitzbutler, the hospital for care of members of the race was established.

¶ The ranks of the Veterans of the Civil War are thinning. One of them, William B. Gould, born nearly 90 years ago in Wilmington, N. C., died recently in Dedham, Mass. Mr. Gould was a naval veteran of the Civil War and served as a petty officer on the United States vessels, Cambridge, Ohio and Niagara of the fleet engaged in the European blockade. In 1871 he established himself in Dedham as a brick mason and contractor and built up a flourishing trade from which he retired several years ago. He was a member of the Norfolk County Grand Army of the Republic Association, of the United States Naval Veterans Association and of Charles W. Carroll Post 144, G. A. R. Of this last organization he had served both as commander and adjutant. He is survived by two daughters and six sons of whom one served in the Spanish-American War and three others were first lieutenants in the Great War.

¶ The late Dr. S. S. Caruthers, who filled for twenty years the Chair of Dermatology at Meharry Medical College, affords a splendid example of what Nashville can turn out by way of human efficiency and worth. Dr. Caruthers was born 48 years ago in Nashville and received almost all his training in her city schools and in Fisk University and Meharry. His graduate work was done, however, at Hahneman Medical College in Chicago. Besides his interest in medicine Dr. Caruthers fostered his liking for music and also found time to engage in various civic activities. He had been a member of the Fisk Quartet and during his lifetime formed connections with the Howard Congregational Church, the Pythian Lodge, the Court of Calanthe, the Willing Workers and the Music Review and Agora Clubs. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Cecelia Mahaffey Caruthers.

¶ A fine expression of community interest and inter-racial goodwill was displayed recently in Brooklyn, N. Y., at the testimonial dinner tendered to the Honorable George E. Wibecan. A committee composed of one hundred citizens gave the dinner to commemorate the thirty-five years of conspicuous civic service which Mr. Wibecan had rendered, as well as the thirty-seven years which he has spent in the Post Office. The toastmaster was Charles W. Anderson who was introduced by Fred B. Watkins. A number of witty and impressive speeches were made eulogizing the guest of honor. The list of speakers was unusually representative and included Rev. George Frazier Miller, Hon. Lawrence C. Fish, magistrate of traffic court; Hon. Jacob A. Livingston, county leader; Alderman George W. Harris, Hon. John H. McCooey, Democratic county leader; Hon. Arthur S. Somers, chairman of Chamber of Commerce; Hon. John R. Crews, Republican executive member Sixth Assembly District; the Hon. Arthur Comither, Executive Secretary Carlton, Y. M. C. A.; Hon. Michael Stein, acting executive McKinley Republican Club; Hon. Arthur G. Dore, executive U. S. Census Commissioner; the Rev. Father Quinn and Congressman Emanuel Sellers. At the close of these speeches Mr. Wibecan made an appropriate response.

¶ This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Taylor of Toledo, Ohio. The two were given an ovation by their friends at Friendship Baptist Church of which the Rev. Mr. Taylor is the founder and pastor. These two people who have lived so long and so well were both born slaves, the wife in Lancaster

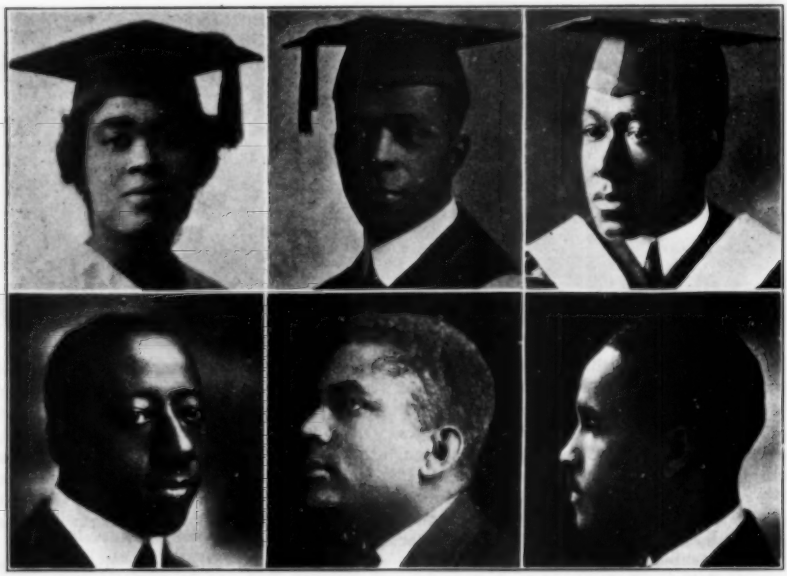
Mrs. J. C. Taylor | Mrs. Randolph-Wallace | Mrs. Hardy | Dr. Adams

County, Va., and the husband in Fairfax County. When a boy of ten Mr. Taylor ran away and after many adventures, one of which saw him a prisoner with rebel soldiers in the old Capitol Prison of Washington, D. C., he entered Wayland Seminary. It was at this time that he met Miss Morris, later Mrs. Taylor, who was a student at Howard University. In 1879 Mr. Taylor was graduated from the Theological Department of Howard, was ordained that same year and has had a record of continuous service ever since. His life branched out in many ways. His first pastorate was in Charleston, W. Va., where he organized the West Virginia Baptist State Convention of which he was first president. At this time he established a lasting friendship with Mr. Booker T. Washington. Later he went to a church in Pittsburgh, Pa., where he formed and became the first moderator of the Allegheny Association. He has been greatly interested in Sunday School work and is at present soliciting funds for an annex to his church in Toledo to be used for the week-day religious education of children.

¶ An important personage in the office of the N. A. A. C. P. is Mrs. Richetta G. Randolph-Wallace, clerk of the Board of Directors and secretary to Mr. Johnson. "Miss Randolph" as she is generally known, is a native of Virginia, a graduate of the public schools of Plainfield, N. J., and of Gaffey's Business School in New York City. For a time she worked as public stenographer and typist but in 1918 she entered the service of the N. A. A. C. P. as general stenographer. Her worth and ability grew with the Association until today in addition to her secretarial work she is manager and overseer of the stenographers and clerks of the organization. In spite of her busy life she still finds time to take part in other interests, particularly in church work. For years she has served devotedly in Mount Olivet Baptist church, in the Sunday School, the Baptist Young People's Union and the choir. Recently, although this is a distinct departure from the policy of the Baptist Church, she was elected to serve on the Board of Trustees.

¶ In St. Paul, Minnesota, lives a busy woman, Mrs. Clara Burnett Hardy, who like her famous sister, Mrs. Mary Burnett Talbert, has devoted her life to social and civic activities. Mrs. Hardy was born in Oberlin, Ohio, and is a member of the class of 1889 of Oberlin College. She has been an ardent suffragist and worker in politics. She has been made Bailiff of the Court of St. Paul and has been called three times for service. In 1922 she was elected a delegate from ward 8, of the fourth election district of St. Paul to the Republican Party County Convention, having carried the only precinct in that ward. Her friends feel that she is in the running also for the position of assistant deputy sheriff.

¶ Myron W. Adams, the newly elected president of Atlanta University, is a native of New Hampshire. In his youthful days he was a student at Wilberforce University where his mother and older brother taught nine years each, and in that way he became thoroughly familiar with Negro education. His preparation for college, aside from that at Wilberforce, was obtained at Kimball Union Academy in New Hampshire. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1881 with first rank in his class. Four years were spent by him in theological study and four years in the active work of a pastorate in New England. He was



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A.M., Boston
PERCY L. JULIAN
A.M., Harvard

called by Dr. Bumstead to Atlanta University in 1889, where he has served continuously since that date. He was at first instructor in Greek and other subjects, then professor, and since 1896 has been an executive officer in the institution, as dean and treasurer. In 1919, when President Ware was obliged to give up the work because of ill health, the Rev. Mr. Adams was appointed by the trustees to serve as acting president. At a special meeting held April 20, 1923, he was elected to the presidency.

¶ This information about 1923 graduates came to us too late for insertion in the July CRISIS.

Western Reserve University—29 students. Two graduates from the Dental School; 1 from School of Pharmacy, 1 from Law School, 2 Bachelors of Arts.

Oberlin College—A.B., Gladys A. Wilkinson, Phi Beta Kappa, graduate scholarship in Mathematics.

University of Illinois—Approximately 70 students. B.S., Margaret Wilkins, Courtland S. Booker, William F. Thornton.

GLADYS A. WILKINSON

Harvard Dental School—D.M.D., O. L. K. Fraser.

University of Arizona—A.B., Thelma Flora Jordan.

Colorado College—A.B., Lillian M. Hardee. First colored girl to graduate from this college, member of Classical Association of Middle West and South, charter member of Classical Club in Colorado College, acted in Latin play "*Captivi*" by Plautus, spent Freshman and Sophomore years in Bishop College, Marshal, Texas.

Carnegie Institute of Technology — A.B., in Public School Music, Charlotte D. Enty.

Syracuse University—M.D., Richard G. Bondurant.

¶ Bessie Maples the seventeen year old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Maples of Puunene, Hawaii, won the

Helen R. Reynolds
B.S., Pennsylvania

Ednora M. Prillerman
B.S., Ohio State

Anna R. Johnson
B.S., Pennsylvania

Ethel E. McGhee
A.B., Oberlin

Lillian M. Hardee
A.B., Colorado

A. Elizabeth Delany
D.D.S., Coll. Dent. Surgery

Clara Morris
A.B., Ohio State

Daisy A. Payne
A.B., Indiana

Thelma F. Jordan
A.B., Arizona

Emma S. Gilbert
A.B., Radcliffe

Angy Smith
A.B., Cincinnati

Josephine Humbles
A.B., Oberlin

George C. Branche
M.D., Boston

Charlotte D. Enty
B.A., Carnegie Inst. Tech.

Thelma F. Moorman
A.B., Cincinnati

David G. Morris
M.D., Vermont

Sidney R. Redmond
A.B., Harvard

Collis H. Davis
A.B., Grinnell

Albert E. Forsythe
B.S., City of Toledo

E. B. Perry
A.B., Michigan

Frederick D. Ingy
Phar. Chem., Minnesota

Bailey O. Holland
D.D.S., Pittsburgh

Louis L. Redding
Brown

William F. Thornton
B.S., Illinois

Harry C. Graves
B.S., Michigan Agri.

Simon O. Johnson
M.D., Boston

Clinton R. Moorman
B.A., Cincinnati

O. L. K. Fraser
D.M.D., Harvard

Otis McK. Buckner
B.A., Northwestern

Stanley M. Douglas
LL.B., Fordham

Charles A. Chandler
LL.B., Yale

BESSIE MAPLES

first honor in an oratorical contest of the Maui High School at Hamakuapoko Maui, Hawaii. In the Territorial Prohibition contest held in Honolulu, Hawaii, she was highly complimented by Governor Farrington on her excellent effort. She was the only colored girl in the school and graduated June 15 from the College preparatory course.

¶ Mr. Jerome B. Peterson of Brooklyn, New York, sends us this interesting bit of news apropos of the appointment of the late Judge McCants Stewart to the Brooklyn Board of Education. Mr. Stewart was the second (not the first) colored member of the Board. He succeeded to the seat on the Board which had been filled for ten years by the late Dr. Philip A. White, who was the first colored man to be appointed to that body, and who was nominated for membership about 1881 by Mayor Seth Low of Brooklyn. Mr. Stewart was succeeded by the late Samuel R. Scrottron, the last member of the race on the Brooklyn Board previous to the consolidation of Brooklyn with New York City.

¶ George W. Lattimore, manager of the Southern Syncopated Orchestra writes us from London: "Carroll Joseph Morgan, formerly of New York, died on June 9 last while under treatment at the New Southgate Mental Hospital, London, England. He was a prominent member of the Clef Club, the Rock and White Company, and came to England with the Southern Syncopated Orchestra. He was one of the principal features of this company and made a phenomenal success in singing "I Got a Robe", a Negro Spiritual. He appeared before the King of England, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Mr. Lloyd George, former Prime Minister, and a host of other notables."

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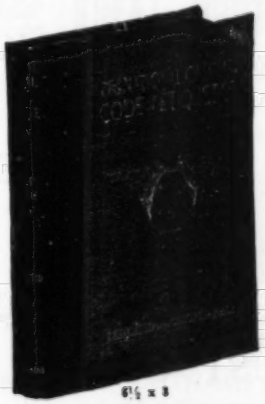

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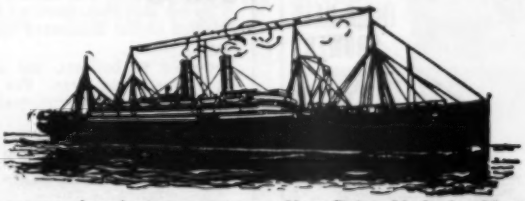

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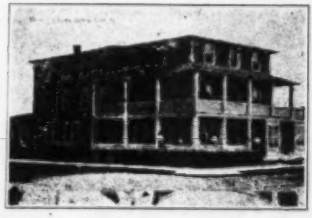

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